CHAPTER-VII

The Last Poems: On the Frontiers of Imagination

The most difficult point in assessing a poem of Coleridge lies in trying to base our reading on the notes or glosses that Coleridge leaves to these. Most of these were added much later, at the time of publication. The poems, sans his marginal notes or glosses, present Coleridge in his vision while, accompanied by the latter, the former present Coleridge in his revision.

Coleridge was also a man of forgetful nature. Hence, his own notes and comments cannot be a reliable source study. Had Coleridge not written that he was disturbed in his composition of "Kubla Khan" by a messenger from Porlock', we would have lost immense volumes of hair-splitting analysis of the 'fragmentary' nature of the poem. The Reader-Response Criticism of our times encourages us to decipher meaning exclusively from the text, independent of the poet's comments or notes. Since every reading of Coleridge's poetry reveals some hitherto unravelled mystery of his mind, we can do greater justice to his poetry by relying less on his prose.

Likewise, the reader is after tempted to consider seriously what Coleridge often uttered in his poetry in a fit of sentimentality. He is sometimes given to exaggerations and hyperbolic statements and the perceptive reader should apply his knowledge of the queer personality of the poet to temper and season his hyperboles. We should not be trapped into believing Dejection : An Ode to be the swan-song of his poetic career simply because the poet believed it to be so. Even the letters written by the poet two years earlier try to confirm the statements of loss of poetic power made in Dejection : An Ode. The one written to Tobin in September 17, 1800 runs like this

The one written to Tobin in September 17, 1800 runs like this
I abandon Poetry altogether- I leave the higher and deeper kinds to Wordsworth, the delightful, popular and simply dignified to Southey, and reserve for myself the honourable attempt to make others feel and understand their writings, as they deserve to be felt and understood.

(Letters I 351)

Another letter of December 1800 written to Thelwall voices the same lack of conviction is his poetic powers and speaks of his resolution to abandon Poetry altogether

As to poetry, I have altogether abandoned it, being convinced that I never had the essentials of poetic Genius, And that I mistook a strong desire for original power.

(Letters I 369)

But, Coleridge continued to write poems and till his death in 1834, he remained preponderantly a poet, often failing, but occasionally fulfilling the requisites of poetic excellence. There is no denying that Coleridge, at the age of thirty, ceased to be a prolific poet and became an occasional one. The deluge turned into a trickle but the spring did not entirely dry up. In his last poems, the tragic view of Dejection: An Ode is carried on, but the state of the spirit stands out most sharply as a kind of microcosm of Coleridge's larger vision of human nature. In his essay "Tragedy and the Imagination", John L. Mahony gives a comprehensive analysis of the last poetical works of Coleridge

The best of there poems is .......... the working of the imagination on the tragic side of life, the darker nuances of the psyche, with a resulting knotted, highly complex and frequently disconnected language and imagery. (Mahony 72)
The best and the worst need to be juxtaposed to answer the question, 'What went wrong with the poet?'

II

The one overwhelming thought that sweeps though the entire bulk of his last works is that of desolation, arising from the loss of friends Wordsworth and Dorothy, but more from the loss of Sara Hutchinson, his soul-mate. Hence, his last poems, rest mainly on the themes of unfulfilled promises of love that assumes a Platonic dimension, and a sage-like resignation in religion.

The poems that Coleridge wrote for Sara under the name of "Asra" after his estrangement with the Wordsworths records every mood of his love, his dreams, his joy, his anguish and bitterness. Even after Coleridge had ceased to see her, Sara remained the center and unifying power of his imagination. George Whalley, in his interesting study of the 'Asra Poems' quotes Coleridge's own words which reveal the high ideal he associated with her love for Sara:

............... Love, passionate in its deepest tranquility, Love unutterable, Fills my whole spirit - so that every fibre of my Heart, may, of my whole frame seems to tremble under its perpetual touch and sweet pressure, like the string of a sute-with a sense of vibratory pain, distinct from all other sensations, a Pair that seems to shiver and tremble on the threshold of some Joy that cannot be entered into while I am embodied a Pair of yearning which all the Pleasure on earth could not
induce me to relinquish, ever when the Beloved is present, seeming to look thro' her and asking for her very Self within or even beyond her Apparent Form –

( Whalley 76)

In the recurrent images of shadows and watery reflections in the 'Asra Poems', Coleridge’s longing for the Platonic ideal of love can be discerned. As the ‘Mystery Poems’ establish the highest ideal of poetic art, the best of the ‘Asra poems’ too set a transcendental ideal of Love, enabling him to overcome the limitations of personal loss. This transcendental philosophy of love is also revealed in one of his diary entries:

The best, the truly lovely, in each and all is God. Therefore, the truly Beloved is the symbol of God to whomever it is truly beloved by!..............The Lover worships in his Beloved that final consummation < of itself which is > produced in his own soul by the action of the Soul of the beloved upon it.........

( Notebooks II 2540 )

This transcendental idealism of Love was reached through the sentimental unreality of the earlist "Love", though the dream-like tenderness of "A Day-Dream" and the sad self-knowledge of "Dejection" to the somber bitterness of "Psyche".

In "A’ Day Dream", the poet is able to unify the ideal and the real Love. Through the very perfection of the moment, life achieves a measure of eternity. Prof. Suther suggests that Coleridge was looking for the same thing from love and from poetic experience, namely, a religious, a mystical experience of the absolute. ( Suther 31). Since Coleridge held this view of love as a platonic means of approach to the highest, he repeatedly used the images of the river, the fountain reflections and shadow- which were his Platonic means of fusing the seen and the unseen, the image and the idea:
The shadows dance upon the wall,
By the still dancing fire—flames made;
And now they slumber, moveless all!
And now thy melt to one deep shade!
But not from me shall this mild darkness steal thee:
I dream thee with mine eyes, and at my heart I feel thee!

(P W 385 ll 25-30)

The stanza form is gentle and yet controlled; the imagination has again reconciled feeling and form in reverie.

"Phantom" again celebrates his love for Sara as the love of her spirit, and not her physical form.

She, she herself, and only she,
Shone through her body visibly. (PW 393 ll 7-8)

This brief poetic piece excels in us a sense of rarefied and ethereal beauty which is in keeping with its tone of transcendentalism.

"The Pains Of Sleep", projects the wretchedness of a self-pitying individual who recoils from sleep lest it should lead to dream, for his dreams are nightmarish and ‘fiendish’. His lament over personal loss mars the appeal of universality that we found in his best works.

Such punishments, I said, were due
To natures depletest stained with sin
Such griefs with such men will agree
But wherefore, wherefore fall on me?
To be beloved in all I need,
And whom I love, I love indeed.

(PW 390 ll 43-44 & 49-52)

In "Ad Vilmum Axiologum" the poet once again stresses that spiritual love happens to be his source of poetic inspiration.

Love in the Spirit of Life, And Music the Life of the spirit!

(PW 392 ll 1-9)

"The blossoming of the Salitary Date Tree" uses the image of the grafting of a branch from another tree before the barrier one can produce fruit, speaks of 'the ache of solitariness', and conveys the sad finality of lost love. Like the ship of the ancient mariner that stood 'as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean "for want of a favourable breeze, Coleridge too suffered creative impotence for lack of intellectual support. Two notebook entries of November 1803 are very close feeling to 'The Salitary date Tree'

My nature requires another nature for its support, and reposes only in another from the necessary Indigence of its Being. (NI 1679)

But one that participating in the same Root of Soul does yet spring up with excellences that I have not, to this I am driven, by a desire of Self-completion with a restless and inextinguishable Love. (NI 1680)

In the love of Sara and friendship of the Wordsworths, Coleridge was looking, for something that would instill in him the courage to explore areas which lay barren and
unexplored. With the loss of love and friendship, Coleridge felt that the secret fount of imagination, which could have been nourished solely by Love, lies dormant for ever. Hence he laments.

Why was I made for Love and Love denied to me? (PW 397 178)

The question posed is left unanswered again and again till his death.

The pangs of separation the desolate persona are acutely felt in “Separation”. The lost world of “Kubla Khan” is recalled in the lines.

Wealth’s glittering fairy – dome of ice,

Or echo of proud ancestry

(PW 398 ll 11-12)

His love for Sara, which he claims ‘true Love’, is of higher worth than the outward fair pompous pleasure palace. Separation from Sara is separation from the ideal of Love. This is precisely the cause of his soul’s anguish:

(This separation is, alas!

Too great a punishment to bear,

O! take my life, or let me pass

That life, that happy life, with her!)

The perils, erst with steadfast eye

Encounter’d now I shrink to see-

Oh! I half enough to part from Thee!

(PW 398 –99 ll 17 –24)

The reference to dream within dream in “Farewell to Love” (‘Your dreams alone
I dreamt, and caught your blindness’) and “Recollections of Love” (‘you stood before me like a thought/ A dream remembered in a dream’) again confirm the Platonic concept of Love that Coleridge idealized in this phase of his life.

The only poem that stands an exception to this Platonic ideal is “Psyche”, a work that has a somber note and scarcely celebrates the idea of perfectibility of Love. Here, Coleridge uses the classical concept of a butterfly as a metaphor to signify affinity of souls, and the image of a serpent to bring in association the Christian myth of the Fall of Man to ‘repudiate the world of Plato he had loved so long’

............... For in this earthly frame
Ours is the reptile’s lot, much toil, much blame,
Manifold motions making little speed,
And to deform and kill the things where on we feed.

( PW 412 ll 4-7 )

The poem, nevertheless, has a concentration and the syntax matches the mood of self­disgust that it records.

For Coleridge, the loss of Sara was the loss of his creative fount of Joy and Inspiration. Her presence in his life was the trade- wind that would set his bark assail. It is therefore natural that her absence from his life would leave him despondent, Self­Loathing and disgusted. The pangs of her absence are unbearably great because he had attached such supreme value to her presence in his life.

What is Man’s soul of Love deprived?

It like a Harp untuned is,

That sounds, indeed, but sounds amiss. ( PW 428 ll 21-23)
Indeed, Coleridge poetry has lost its warbling note. In his last dreary days of lovelessness and friendlessness the poet seems to have assumed the role of an untuned harp producing untuned notes and sounds.

Nevertheless, 'the last Asra poems', according to George Whalley, 'have moved into an ambience of their own'. His words can be quoted to sum up Coleridge's gradual awakening to a new principle of Love in his poems addressed to Asra.

.................. image haunted, rooted in the past, Indifferent to the accidental and the human events, they upon a post unfulfilled and a broken but visionary hope "echoes of spring from the sepulchral vault of winter.

(Whalley 135)

III

In Coleridge's heart rending cry of desolation as heard in his last poems we witness the agony of a person undergoing the pain of the life-in-death existence with a heart cauterized:

A Friend and a Lover therefore are not impossible or superhuman Things.

Yet what many circumstances ought to have let me see long ago, the events of the last year, and emphatically of last month, have now freed me to perceive—No one on earth has ever Loved me. Doubtless, the fault must have been partly, perhaps chiefly, in myself...... For alas! Ever in Love and Friendship we gain only what we arrogate. (Quoted by Whalley 87)
It is true that Coleridge himself knew that he too had his fault in that he was separated from his friends. His poems express his despair over his own temperamental frailty. There is a tone of self-reproach in “The Suicide’s Argument” of 1811 that makes the stern voice of Nature say:

I gave you innocence, I gave you hope,
Gave health and genies and ample scope.
Return you me guilt, lethargy, despair?
Make out the inventory; inspect, compare!
Then die— if die you dare!

( PW 419 ll 7-11)

In the voice of Nature, Coleridge expresses the chidings of his own Conscience that accuses him of dissipation of powers given at birth through guilt, lethargy and despair.

In “Limbo” the cry of the lost soul powerfully evokes the memories of Dante and of the specters witnessed by his own mariner. The poet seems to foresee the utter negation of his creative consciousness in the days that lay ahead

A lurid thought is growthless, dull Privation,
Yet that is but a Purgatory curse;
Hell knows a fear far worse,
A fear a future state; - 'tis positive Negation

( PW 431 ll 35-38)

The mood of despair over his creative impotence overshadows “Work without Hope” composed in 1825.
Work without Hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And Hope without an object cannot live.

(PW 447 ll 13-14)

The reference to nectar, honey dew, milk of paradise occurs frequently in Coleridge's works. These images are closely associated with the creative inspiration. The poet whose cup of nectar had once brimmeth over, has now scanty drops trickling down a sieve. Had hope sprung eternal in his breast, what a miracle in poetry he would have created!

The loss of friends, and consequently, of hope, becomes a recurrent thought for him as we find in the last lines of "Duty Surviving Self Love".

Old friends burn dim like lamps in noisome air,
Love them for what they are; nor love them less,
Because to thee they are not what they were

(PW 460 ll 12-14)

Again, his heart's desolution rakes another poem named "Homeless"

To him who walks alone through Life,
The desolate in heart.

(PW 460 ll 7-8)

The picture recalls that of the little child of Otway's lay in Dejection: An Ode who lost her way 'upon a lonesome wild'.

"The Garden of Boccaccio" happens to be the last work of Coleridge that can be granted any poetic merit. Here the profoundly personal note is cast aside as Coleridge loses himself imaginatively in Boccaccio's world.
Boccaccio's Garden and its faery,
The love, the joyance, and the gallantry!
An Idyll, with Boccaccio's spirit warm,
Framed in the silent poesy of form.

( PW 478 ll 15-18 )

In this world of Idyllic charm, lost memories of Kubla Khan and his idyllic garden, fountain and maiden with lute, the artist with 'mastering eye' and 'fix'd gaze', are stirred up. In this poem, Coleridge, for the final time, forgets self love as he loses himself in imaginatively recreating a paradisal world.

With physical affections weighing down upon him, escape from his own pains became increasingly difficult. The last years of his life were spent in Highgate, in the loving hospitality of Dr. Gillman. These were the days when he was struggling to get over his opium addiction. Coleridge had become acutely conscious of death which was fast approaching. During these last years, the poet, like a sage, had become more tempered in charting out the balance sheet of his life. Rather, he had learnt to bear his miseries with patience and fortitude and with his faith reclining only in Christ.

Look thou then to thyself, and leave the rest
To god, thy conscience, and the grave.

( PW 486 ll 3-4 )

The lines in "Self Knowledge" appear more to be the sermon of a preacher than the utterance of a poet.

What hast thou, Man—that thou dar'st call thine own?

What is there is thee, man, that can be known?
Dark fluxion, all unfixable by thought,
A phantom dim of past and future wrought,
Vain sister of the worm,- life, death, soul, clod-
Ignore thyself, and their to know thy God!

("My Baptismal Birth –Day" written in 1833 a year he passed away, show how deeply the poet had become embedded in Christian faith.

In, Christ I live! In Christ I draw the breath
Of the true life! ...........

Clinging on to such intense faith, Coleridge lived the last days of his ‘death – in – life existence. His, epitaph, his last words in poetry, hopes for deliverance from this ‘toil of breath’. His hopes that he might find life – in –death rests in his faith in Christ and his neo-platonic belief of the soul’s journey after death.

The romantic rebel who had sported infidel in his youth, finds his final deliverance in resignation in Christian faith.

IV

In the last poems, we become aware of the voice of a poet – extremely self-conscious. He is no longer the divinely inspired poet, who, by his ‘defamiliarity’, would inspire the readers into a holy dread. Rather, he is a faller creature, battered by life and deserted by the Muses, begging pity and compassion. A self-pitying individual, he
seldom realizes the infinite potential of creativity that is stored in him. The gust of imagination that would breathe through the poem and propel the reader's mind into an unimpeded speed to adventure into the realm of dream and imagination is lost. He fails to make the individual general, the concrete abstract, neither can he draw images from memory by association. He is afraid even to dream. Poetry for him becomes more and more an expression of personality, not an escape from it. In the Kubla's 'sunlit dome' he had created a standard of perfection; in his last works, he makes a tragic mockery of that standard. The 'sunlit dome' disdains all that he wrote in his last years, the 'fury and mire of veins / All mere complexities'.

Coleridge's decline as a poet has been ascribed to various reasons by various critics. Some blame it on his frustrations in love and friendship, others on physical afflictions, some others on his excessive opium—addiction that led to a paralysis of will and others on his disintegration of personality. The rest ascribe it to his overtly metaphysical preoccupations.

Most of these assumptions are based on Coleridge's own comments made time and again in his letters and notebooks. I have already observed that the practice of attaching too much of significance to Coleridge's own assessment of himself may be a stumbling block in our indigenous attempt to reconstruct the mind that lies scattered to his poetry. Thought out his life, Coleridge was in the habit of making contradictory statements, either from forgetfulness effected by narcotics or from the inherent contradictions that is natural of man. Moreover, for all his knowledge, Coleridge lacked the supreme one—Self-knowledge. But then, every man lacks the same. It was Coleridge's poetic endeavour to discover in his own mind the nature of Mind and blend
it with the mind of Nature. His poetry was his pilgrimage to Self-knowledge. Hence, Coleridge’s utterances regarding his loss of poetry as a result of separation from Wordsworth and Sara cannot be accepted as truth.

The Wordsworth-Coleridge friendship was a process of intellectual symbiosis, each nourishing the other. Their separation eventually was more of an intellectual divergence than a personal loss. The fall-out was inevitable for two minds who began to branch out their genius in diverse channels. It was Coleridge’s nature of humbling himself too much that he presents his plight as static as the ship of The Rime in want of a favourable trade wind. In fact, the loss, as it happens in case of all true artists, could have been a blessing in disguise; it could have sharpened his poetic sensibility. The more an artist suffers, the more he enriches his art. Therefore, the exit of the Wordsworths has little connection with his decline in poetic powers.

The addiction to the laudanum had once propelled the poet’s imagination and enabled him to soar up to ethereal heights of perfection. Opium induced some of the finest dreams and trances that begot his poetry. Perhaps, the severity of pains forced him to take opium in large doses and that probably took a toll on his creative consciousness. Otherwise, there is little ground to consider his opium-addiction responsible for leaving him a cripple in imagination.

The answer probably lay in Coleridge’s temperamental build. His passionate nature would take him to the acme of happiness and the same would plunge him into abysmal depths of dejection. Coleridge was himself quite aware of the child-like excesses of his nature.

A babe art thou— and such a Thing am I!
To anger rapid and as soon appeas'd,
Break Friendship's mirror with a tetchy blow,
Yet snatch what coals of fire on Pleasure's altar glow!

( PW 91 ll 16 – 20)

His passions courted the extremes – he realized 'it is no mean to follow the mean' but he lacked the will to do it. It is ironical that the man who held Mind to be gifted with superlative powers, himself suffered such frailty in his want of positive Will and confidence. For all his innate talent and acquired insight, he remained one of untapped potential; 'a man of indolence capable of energies'.

V

During the middle phase of his life (around 1800), Coleridge began to accuse his metaphysical pursuits for eroding his poetic powers. Several letters and note book entries confirm this belief.

If one thought leads to another, so often does it blot out another . . .
My thoughts crowd each other to death. (Anima Poetae 189)

.................................................................

I wished to force myself out of metaphysical trains of thought, which when I wished to write a poem, beat up games of far other kinds.

Instead of a covey of poetic partridges with whirring wings of music, or wild ducks shaping their rapid flight in forms always regular (a still better image of verse), up came a metaphysical bustard, urging its slow, heavy, laborious earth-skimming flight over dreary and
But how far is Coleridge’s own accusation of his metaphysical quest justified? It is ironical that the poet who was once convinced that an ideal poet should also be a profound thinker, has now become sceptical of his metaphysical interest. Possibly, in the closing years of his life, his poetry suffered from a ‘dissociation of sensibility’ – he struggled to give poetic form to his parallel thoughts and feelings. His last works are a tragic reminder of poetry that does not excite feeling for thought or thought for feeling.

The conflict that lay at the root of his poetic sensibility was that of uniting form and content. Coleridge’s last works are a tragic and vain struggle to give poetic form to the vastness of thought and intricacies of psychological shifts and turns. I cannot but agree with Marilyn Butler when she attributes Coleridge’s failure to his recurrent inability to give verbal expression to his ever widening sea of thought.

...... he could not sustainedly make language itself the medium for conveying the world of thought.

...............................................

The vein of his poetry ran out because it could not be adapted to a sufficient variety of ends. (Butler 86).

In the years 1797–98, when Coleridge was at the height of his powers, he could effectively transmute his thoughts into poetic form. The verbal efficacy of The Rime Of the Ancient Mariner, “Kubla Khan” and the first part of Christabel followed the bends and turns of his mind. Reading Coleridge at his best is like sharing an adventure with him in the remote recesses of the mind. The fluidity of the images, his metrical
experiments and his natural diction blended with the spontaneous, dissolving pattern of dreams that inspired the works.

That was Coleridge in his youth. With age, experience and wide reading habit, he continued to deepen his thoughts and widen the horizon of his understanding of the world. Much as he revolutionized his thoughts, he did little, in his mature years, to modify his stylistics to suit his ends. He continued casting new thoughts in old mould. It is possibly here that Coleridge went wrong. The rigid pattern of his verses seldom matched the flexibility of his thoughts and ideas.

The question that obviously strike us is whether Coleridge was limited by his own indolence, or whether he was limited by his own formulations. I would say that the second is more responsible for Coleridge’s failure than the first. Coleridge extolled Imagination to be the highest faculty of creativity for the poet. But imagination on its own could breathe little life into his last works. Precision, implicitness and concentration of verbal imagery was what his poetry required, and that could have been achieved by exercising Reason and Will alongside of Imagination.

The concept of Imagination itself is as various as the modes of psychology that critics have adopted (associationist, Gestalt, Freudian, Jungian) while its processes vary according to the way in which a critic conceives of the nature of a poem (as essentially realistic or essentially visionary, as a verbal construction or as a myth, as ‘pure poetry’ or as a work designed to produce effects on an audience).

In his best works we have found all these applications of the mode of Imagination. But in his later years, Coleridge was gradually becoming aware of the
limitations of his doctrine of Imagination. Let us recollect Coleridge’s words on Imagination in *Biographia Literaria*

Imagination ‘dissolves, diffuses, dissipates in order to recreate’ or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealize and unify.

Perhaps, Coleridge had by then, begun to lose his profound faith in the power of Imagination. He was fast realizing that there were situations when the process of dissolving and diffusing to recreate was rendered impossible. In such situations, Imagination merely enabled him to ‘struggle to idealize and unify’. The ‘struggle’ leaves its indelible stains in Coleridge’s last works. Imagination for Coleridge is no longer a spontaneous activity; it is a struggle. Art lies in concealing Art; the poet can seldom conceal his art in his Art – this is the cause of his failure.

Coleridge was fast realizing that it was impossible for Imagination alone to bridge the ever-widening gulf between his own temperamental fluctuations, his light-winged poetry and cumbersome philosophy, his self-consciousness and self-oblivion.

In *Biographia Literaria*, Coleridge had described the ‘prime merit’ of a literary genius to represent ‘familiar objects’ so as to evoke ‘freshness of sensation’. Here the critic Coleridge appears to be the fore runner of the Russian Formalists who stressed on the effects of ‘estrangement’ and ‘defamiliarity’ in literature. But, while the romantic critic had stressed the author’s ability to express a fresh mode of experiencing the world the Formalists stress the function of literary devices to produce the effect of freshness in the reader’s experience of a literary work. According to the Formalists, the artistic devices which estrange poetic language are often described as ‘deviations’ from ordinary
language. Such deviations consist primarily in setting up and also violating patterns in the sound and syntax of poetic language- including patterns in speech sounds, grammatical constructions, rhythm, rhyme and stanza form – also in setting up prominent recurrences of key words or images. This is precisely what the Modernist and the Postmodernist writers and the Structuralists and the Poststructuralists have tried to do.

Coleridge did little to experiment with form and technique. His obsession with self, his Solipsism, and the much-needed confidence in his powers, his poetic strength took a toll on his creativity.

VI

Finally, we can do maximum justice to the poet by examining the evaluation of this romantic genius by another creative artist of our times, Ted Hughes.

..... His contribution was radical on the largest scale, and that the three great visionary poems “Kubla Khan”, The Ancient Mariner, and Christabel Part I – on which his poetic reputation rests, are the substance of a single extraordinary poetic event – nothing less than the Creation Story of the great song he attempted to sing. (Hughes, introd. vii)

In his years of decline, the same poet sang less of Creation but wailed for the missing love of his Creatress.

Much later in his life, towards the end, when the erotic uproar was almost entirely sublimated into his Christian obsessional preoccupation – then once again that divine missing Strength, the missing love of his Creatress,
Of the creative power itself, hovered before him, still inaccessible.

( Hughes 15 )

I shall conclude by quoting Hughes’ own words that will serve as a marvellous rounding off of the concluding chapters of this rare, anomalous and adventurous life.

This is how it continued to appear to Coleridge’s rootless, wind-carried, torrent-hurried, self-anaesthetized bubble of an intellectual, Christian, fugitive self. ( Hughes 16 )
WORKS CITED


